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Sister Mary's KITCHEN

In the kitchen of her own home Sister Mary cooks daily for a family of four adults. She brought to her kitchen an understanding of the chemistry of cooking, gained from study of domestic science in a state university. Consequently the advice she offers is a happy combination of theory and practice. Every recipe she gives is her own, first tried out and served at her family table.

The secret of soft, fluffy woolens after washing lies in the rinsing.

There is a certain amount of oil in pure wool and only by preserving this small percentage of lanolin is it possible to keep blankets and sweaters in their state of wooliness.

A pure non-alkaline soap thoroughly dissolved and lukewarm water are essentials. A thick, heavy suds for the first wash water and a lighter suds for each succeeding rinsing will insure a successful laundering. Every water should be of the same temperature.

By adding soap to the rinsing waters little of the clean suds is left in the fabric preventing the loss of the animal fat.

Breakfast—Uncooked apples, fried corn meal mush, syrup, coffee.
Luncheon—Baked macaroni, bran muffins, cold water cookies, tea.
Dinner—Casserole of smoked salmon, spinach, baking powder biscuits, jelly, squash pie, coffee.

My Own Recipes
A smoked or salted fish makes an agreeable change from the usual fresh fish. Women in the country find a box of salt fish a valuable asset to their emergency shelves. By intensive freshening, as it were, the length of time required to make the fish eatable is greatly reduced. It is a mistake to freshen salt fish too long, anyway.

Baked Macaroni
1 cup macaroni
6 cups boiling water
1 tablespoon salt
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon bacon fat
1 1/2 tablespoons flour
6 tablespoons grated cheese
2 cloves
Paprika
Break macaroni in one-inch pieces and cook in the boiling water with salt until tender, about 20 minutes. Drain in a strainer and pour over cold water to blanch and prevent pieces from sticking together. Melt bacon fat, add onion and cook until onion is browned. Stir in flour and add tomatoes. The tomatoes may be strained or not. I use them not. Add the cloves and cook, stirring constantly till the sauce is thick and smooth. Put macaroni into a buttered baking dish, pour over tomato sauce, sprinkle minutes.

What has become of the provident man who hated to break a dollar?

Mary

Confessions of a Bride

(Copyright 1920, by The Newspaper Enterprise Association)

The Earthquake Causes Ruin and Disaster Before My Very Eyes

The auto in front of us was piloting Morrison's outfit. I saw it rise a wee bit as a rowboat mounts a little wave. It went diagonally over the top of the wave, upset with a deliberation which looked almost like intention, then settled into its side.

The same twisting of the earth's crust made our own car skid at right angles to the road. Our chauffeur sud-

denly stood on his brake and our car stopped with its nose in a ditch.

Behind us, with a speed which made it roar, came one of the heaviest machines in Morrison's train. It was out of control. It brushed so close to the rear of our car that the wind made by its progress swept my hair into my eyes. It crashed straight into the overturned car which had preceded ours! The earth shook again and two autos

There are food qualities in wheat and barley which you are not acquainted with, if you have never eaten

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Twenty hours baking develops a wonderfully rich flavor and great ease of digestion.

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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton

THE HORSEMOBILE

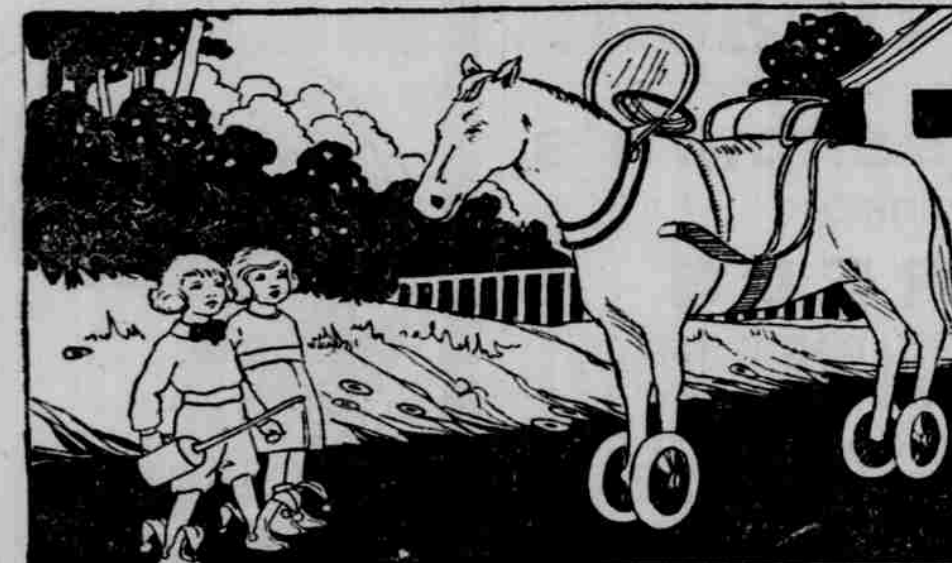
"Honk! Honk! Honk!" went something in front of a barn as the twins approached.

"It's a green horse!" cried Nancy looking close. No wonder they were astonished, for the horse was not only painted green, but he had wheels for feet and out of his neck were sticking a steering wheel and some handles. To say nothing of a comfortable seat for two where his saddle should have been.

"Will you please oil me," called the horse. So the magical green shoes took the twins right over.

"There's the oil can!" said the horse rolling near. "You see, I'm not really a horse," he went on. "I'm a horsemobile. I used to be a horse, but I got jealous of a green automobile and kept wishing and wishing I was an automobile too."

"Well," he sighed, "I got my wish. And here I am in Topsy-Turvy Land."



"There's the oil can!" said the horse. "You see, I'm not really a horse. I'm a horsemobile."

thinking what a goose I was. I'd give anything for a good bed of straw, and a bag of coats. And I nearly cry when I think of how I used to roll in the sweet clover meadow. Here they feed me gasoline. Ugh!

"That's too bad," said Nick, picking up the can. "Will you tell me where to put the oil?"

"Put some in my left ear, please," said the horsemobile. "Then on my right hind hoof (wheel, I mean) and down my throat; my horn's getting rusty. There! That's better, thank you. Anything I can do for you?"

"If you see Jocko will you, please, let us know," said Nancy. "He's our lost monkey!"

The Magical Mushroom poked its head out of Nancy's pocket just then. "When I see the Fairy Queen I'll ask her to turn you into a horse again," it said.

Then everybody thanked everybody else and the twins went on more adventures.

behind us sidwiped, toppled toward each other affectionately, their hoods in shreds and splinters. Farther back, half a dozen autos slid toward each other, but remained upright massed in a close formation.

They kept grinding against each other and the noise they made as they jammed together lasted longer than the earthquake, it seemed to me.

I felt very sick—seasick. I dropped back into my place and covered my face with my hands.

"Holy saint in Heaven, save us!" muttered Morrison as he leaped to the ground. Daddy also got out but Gene Archer was too weak to stir.

The choking odor of a gasoline smudge reached us. Somebody was urinating wickedly. From the wreckage in front of us came a terrible groan. It was more frightful than any shriek could ever be. I put my hands over my ears and kept them there until, after a little, Gene Archer pulled them away.

"He's dead!" said Archer solemnly. "If we hadn't skidded we'd all be dead, too."

"Are they all—those in the wreck—all dead?" I gasped. "Maybe somebody still lives. Maybe I can help."

I reached for the door. "No! You mustn't see! Don't look! I beg of you, Mrs. Lorimer!"

Then came Morrison's voice: "Take the woman away! Here, Mr. Lorimer, get back into your seat and go on to Vera Cruz without me!"

"Bob! Bob!" I cried. "And Chrys. What has the earthquake done to them?"

"Perhaps the quake was even worse back there, Morrison," said Daddy. "I'll find out as soon as I get these machines untangled. Trust me, Mrs. Lorimer." He motioned to the chauffeur:

"Get out of this, now!" In a few minutes we had been hauled out of the ditch, had made a circle in the field around the wreck and were

Spring Wrap Is Cape With Circular Yoke



By Cora Moore, New York's Fashion Authority
NEW YORK—Spring coats retain many of the characteristics of the winter models, especially such as

Swimming Collar Aid to Learners



A new device of interest to swimmers and those learning to swim, is the "Swimming Collar," a water-tight affair made of transparent celluloid. It has a sheet of rubber across the bottom which fits snugly around the neck. Its designers claim it makes swimming easy as it holds one's head in correct position. Girls should be interested because it keeps the hair dry.

yokes, capes and oddly-shaped collars. The model of the sketch is adapted from a coat Blanche Bates wears in the popular Henry Miller play, "The Famous Mrs. Fair." It is of suede cloth in a periwinkle blue with collar and cuffs of a two-toned checked suede.

There is a deep, circular yoke with a second yoke dropped below it, and a three-quarter cape, cut in one piece, is dropped from that. The coat fastens blindly a little at one side, and

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THE EARLY BIRD

I would not be a harbinger, this early in the spring, To chill my nose and freeze my toes, and shudder while I sing. 'Tis very well and admirable to herald gladsome spring. But, ah, it is not pleasant to stutter when you sing.
—Tennyson J. Daft.

AS USUAL

(Houston Post)

A young woman telephone operator recently attended a watchnight service and fell asleep during the sermon. At the close the preacher said: "We will now sing hymn No. 341-342." The young woman, just waking in time to hear the number, yawned and said: "The line is busy."

Dorothy Dalton's Beauty Chat

Miss Dorothy Dalton, the actress famous the world over for her beautiful complexion, says: "Any girl or woman can have a beautiful, rosy-white complexion and smooth unwrinkled skin like mine if they will follow my advice and use Derwillo, a simple toilet preparation. I use it because it imparts instant beauty, is easy to apply, absolutely harmless and has a marvelous effect upon the skin. One application proves it." Be sure to read Miss Dalton's interesting story of how to quickly acquire a beautiful complexion, soon to appear in this paper. In the meantime get Derwillo at any toilet counter and try it today; you will be delightfully surprised.



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"Apples"

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The Witchery of Rita

The Witchery of Rita, by Will H. Robinson, is a charming story of old mission life in Arizona. Rafael, a Spanish artist is painting Saints in Old San Xavier Mission, about the time of its completion.

To protect his sweetheart, Rita, from the evil-eyed witch, Rafael gives her a little brown goat, which he names Nicolas—and Nicolas has a burning thirst for good Spanish wine. You'll enjoy the escapades of Nicolas immensely.

In the same volume is "Waiting For Tonti." A short story that brings a suggestion of Ancient Montezuma and his people. Some readers declare that "Waiting For Tonti" is the better of the two stories.

Read them both.

The book is published by the Berryhill Co., and is now on sale—PRICE \$1.00.

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